

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

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EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1911.

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JASPER'S NOTE BOOK

There has been considerable newspaper talk within the past week to indicate that a section of the new council is not pleased with the way the city's affairs have been managed of late and that an effort will be made to bring about certain changes. Just what the object and the scope of the movement is has not been made clear. But it is supposed to be directed for the most part against the work of Commissioner Bouillon and to have its driving force supplied by the heads of certain civic departments who do not like his methods.

Up to the present, however, nothing very definite has been brought forward that can be considered as to his detriment and until there is a system he is folly to interfere with the system that has been in force for the past eight months. It has not had a fair test as yet and the mass of the citizens undoubtedly are anxious that it should have.

It was a unique experiment, so far as Canada is concerned, that Edmonton made when it engaged an expert like Mr. Bouillon, at a salary of \$10,000 a year, to manage its utilities. It was something that those with the largest interests at stake in the city had recognized the need of for many years. The methods which are required in the case of a private corporation with a large investment are just as necessary in that of a city which has gone into business on a large scale. No company which controlled such a variety of enterprises, as the city does, would think of entrusting the management of them to a cheap man. This penny wise policy Edmonton had pursued in common with other Canadian municipalities till it became apparent that great waste was going on through incompetence. In the early summer of 1910 the council decided to try the other and more business-like plan and Mr. Bouillon arrived on the scene.

The way in which he has gone about his work has inspired confidence. A man who was not worth \$10,000 a year, but who was anxious to make it appear that he was, would have gone ahead and made sweeping changes without delay. This would not have been business or common sense. It is a wise to distrust an organization in any of its important features until the person responsible for the change has thoroughly studied conditions and is in a position to make intelligent recommendations. The person who steps into a town one day and on the next is able to tell just what it needs is one to beware of. In every profession, the biggest men are those who proceed with the greatest care and with the least display of the spirit of know-it-all.

Mr. Bouillon has only been at work eight months. He is just at the stage where he can begin to show his usefulness and to interfere with his plans at the present time would be a piece of folly for which there could be absolutely no excuse.

The superintendent of the Calgary street railway reports that the system is doing exceedingly well, yielding 13 per cent. to the city after meeting interest, depreciation and sinking fund charges. Calgary is very fortunate, not only on account of the great development which it has experienced and which is reflected in this civic enterprise. It is able to make this good showing largely for the reason that it has been built up so compactly. The contrast with Edmonton in this respect is very marked.

The wonder is that our utilities have done as well as they have considering the conditions that they

have been working under. Everything has conspired to stretch the population over a large area. The reservation by the Hudson's Bay Company of three square miles close to the heart of the city, which is all wild land as yet, has been a crime.

No wonder that with such an example before us, Lloyd-George's theories make a strong appeal hereabouts. It is the abuse of privileges that the law allows that gives such movements their great impetus and those who see danger in the spread of these and other so-called socialistic tendencies must realize where the blame primarily lies. Great wealth, whether in land or in anything else that the public requires, imposes obligations and if these are totally disregarded the system which allows such grievances to spring up is bound to suffer.

But not only the Hudson's Bay Co. has been a factor in making Edmonton a hard city to administer the affairs of. The placing of the Grand Trunk Pacific shops four miles in a northwesterly direction from the corner of Jasper and First, and the Swift packing plant over four miles in a north-easterly direction, with about three miles in between these two centres has added very largely to the difficulties of the men in charge. From Twenty-Fourth Street to the packing plant the street car journey is close to six miles. The wonder is that the system, under these conditions comes as near paying its way as it does.

Every other department is similarly affected and will continue to be, till the vacant spaces are occupied to a much greater extent.

There is no question that before many years the city will have the population to fill them up. It is wonderful as to what a rate the process is going on already. But till it advances a considerable distance, we shall have our troubles. In the meanwhile, it should be the policy of the civic authorities to do nothing which will stretch the municipality still further.

It may be urged that the completion of the high level bridge will have this effect, in drawing a much larger population to the south bank of the river. It undoubtedly will, but the other advantages to be derived from this drawback are so great that this drawback will be a balance. The bridge will open a easy communication with a wide stretch of fine country and put an end to the foolish rivalries between two cities which have their interests in common and which really constitute one centre. That they will become the

Miss Kathleen Parlow



MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

The distinguished young Canadian violinist visits Edmonton next month. A sketch of her career appears on another page of this issue.

one municipality in the very near future there is every indication. The councils of the two cities have during the past week both appointed their committees to take up the question of amalgamation. There should be no delay in getting to work and in doing so in such a spirit as to make it possible to bring about the desired result immediately.

Considering the amounts which the city is asked to vote in connection with the by-laws to be submitted next week, there has been surprisingly little discussion.

As to the exhibition by-law there should be no question about its carrying. The programme which the association has put forth has been received with general approval. It requires no gift of deep insight to appreciate the chance which the city has of becoming a great stock centre and there is no agency through which the realization of this object can be more effectively hastened than through the fair board, which has already shown well enough what it can do along these lines to justify the extension of confidence which it asks. The proposal to establish

union stock yards is also one that will stand looking into.

The by-law to provide industrial sites deserves support. The purchase of these is part of a well defined plan to induce various manufacturing establishments to locate in the city. The providing of sites on reasonable terms is the least objectionable form of aid to industry and those concerns that are worth while-bothering with will appreciate it more than assistance of any other character. The initial expense that they have to face in the securing of land frightens many of them off. There is the further advantage to be derived from the scheme that it allows the city authorities to confine the industries to certain districts.

What about the east end bridge? Up to the present the only argument of any account that has been heard in its favor is that, the high level having been placed in the west end, it is a matter of ordinary justice to give the other section of the city ready access to the south bank of the river. That ultimately such a bridge must be built there is no question. But the need for it just at present, especially considering the

large expense that it involves and the many other demands upon our resources, is not apparent.

The high level is not being built in the west end to please the people there. In fact many of the property-owners in that section were anxious to have it built in the east. Some five years ago, Mr. William Short was the chairman of a Board of Trade committee which made a strong recommendation to that effect. But the choice did not lie with the citizens. The C.P.R. was determined to come in at the point where it is now building and if the city was to have high-level traffic facilities without standing the expense entirely itself, it had to fall in with the railway's plans. The bridge at present under construction gives easy access to the city from the greater part of the country lying south of the river from which Edmonton should have trace while it makes Edmonton and Strathcona virtually one place, regardless of whether municipal union ensues or not. These were the objects which it was of prime importance to serve and having so recently incurred so large an obligation in connection with them, it does not look like good policy to rush into another bridge project at the present time.

Considering the matter purely from the standpoint of the interests of the east end, it is difficult to understand how those could be served to such an extent by the carrying of the by-law as to make it worth while for property owners there to bear their share of the expense involved.

The nominating committee of the Board of Trade has made its recommendations for the ensuing year. The annual meeting for the election of officers, takes place on Tuesday next. Mr. F. M. Morgan is the choice for president. No better selection could be made. Mr. Morgan is an invaluable member of such an organization. He is a business man of prominence, representing a large commercial establishment, has been in the west for many years and has taken full advantage of the opportunities which he has had of acquiring information regarding the needs and possibilities of the country, while as a worker he has few peers. Under him, the Board may be depended upon to carry on very successfully the good work which it has done under the retiring president, Mr. McGeorge, and those who have preceded him in the office. The committee has recommended as the three vice-presidents, Messrs. W. H. Clark, H. J. Martin, and S. H. Smith. They are all first-class men and will prove fully capable of taking the duties of the chief post when the time comes for them to step into it as they all are likely to do, following the custom of the Board.

The Scottish men of Edmonton will celebrate Burns' anniversary on Wed-

nesday night in the whole-hearted fashion to which we have long been accustomed, a supper being held in the Separate School hall under the auspices of the Caledonian Society. The arrangements are in good hands and there is no doubt the traditions of the occasion will be well upheld. Many more than those of Scottish high delight to honor to the memory of the ploughman-poet. He was one of the greatest of national bards but much more than this. He proclaimed the innate dignity of man, he gave voice to the joys and sorrows and aspirations of the life of the ordinary struggler, he exposed as few others have done the shams and hypocrisies of his day that have, with form little altered, survived into our own. His message is accordingly a universal one and has application now as it will continue to have as long as human nature remains what it is.

At a Burns' supper in an American city some years ago, a local poet essayed to define what it was that gave the Scottish bard the hold which he had on the affections of generations that have arisen so long after he has quitted from the scene. Here are some stanzas of his poem:

Dimma forget, though Burns is made a test

On which the elect of this world and the next—

The rich, the righteous—now delight to dwell,

They come unbidden to the poet's well.

Puir folk alone are Burns' rightful heirs;

Their customs, manners, habits, loves, hopes, joys,

The warp and woof his master hand employs.

I'mna forget for all that folks now say,

When Burns the bard was living 'out his day,

The guinea stamp did not make current gold

From the precious ingot of his mind's rare mould,

Save for a nine days' masquerade of power

The freak, the fad, the fancy of the hour.

An' unco' for the Caledonian hunt—

Of rough adversity he bore the brunt,

They entertained an angel in his case,

But opened the door to shut it in his face.

Dimma forget were Burns this day alive,

At his crack trade of critic he would thrive

From Dr. Hornbrooks their pretensions strip

The Holy Whillies scourge with satire's whip;

The wealthy underpates would find him

And learn anew that "man was made to mourn."

Dimma forget were Burns alive this day

With these same bitter things to sing and say,

He still would hear the unco' guld's reproach,

He still would see the gentry stand aloof;

And blown about by pride and passion's breath

Would reach his heart's desire after death.

I'mna forget that Burns could not escape

The fate which follows us in many a shape

That which he was, he was in sheer despite

Of all our system's rules of wrong and right.

Dimma forget no man can master fate,

How'er so wise or witty, learned or great,

And Scotia's bard was human to the core,

He lived and died as Burns, no less, no more.

The action of the congregation of First Presbyterian Church in getting

(Continued on page eight)



A RECENT VIEW OF CALGARY, LOOKING NORTHWEST FROM THE GRAIN EXCHANGE.

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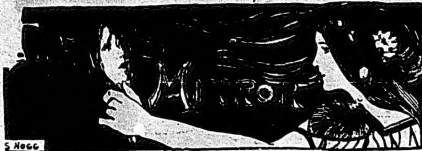
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When do I love you most, sweet
books of mine?

In strenuous morns when o'er your
leaves I pore,

Austerly bent to win austerest lore,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows
shine;

Or afternoons when honeysuckles
twine

About the seat, and to some dreamy
shore

Of old Romance, where lovers ever-
more

Keep blissful hours, I follow at your
sign?

Yea! ye are precious, then, but most
to me

Ere lamp-light dawneth, when low
crouns the fire

class foundation in any of the impor-
tant branches of study, and I am
sure to prove my contention you need
only quiz several school children you
may happen to know, to realize its
truth. This surely is a very grave
mistake indeed.

I hear many men of my acquaintance
speaking of the typewriters they
employ, and it what they say is true,
not one-half of them punct correctly,
two-thirds cannot punctuate or com-
pose a sensible sentence, and those
who can do both, and grasp the mean-
ing of their employer's dictation, are
referred to as "gems," "invaluable
treasures," and so forth. A thorough
grounding in the elementary subjects
would surely have obviated such
charges.

of English and Literature, most just
of women, how shall one write of
her to do her justice?

I never pick up a Shakespearean
play but I place a stone of love on my
monument of gratitude. I never hear
a quotation from a poem, which
thanks to her explanations I grasp
the true beauty of, but I think loving-
ly of her who shed the light of her
great knowledge on it to add to
its attractiveness. She was, as all
fine teachers are, a genius in her own
way, and many pupils all over Cana-
da have reason to rise up and call her
blessed.

I have said that "book-learning"
was not the most important branch
of a school's mission to its pupils.
It is here that boys and girls formu-
late their ideas, and ideals, of life.
How do the public schools rise to the
occasion?

I have often quizzed the pupils of
various local schools to find out what
instruction they are given in ideals.
What lessons are read to them in
manliness, manners? What standards
are held before them of true sports-
manship? Apparently none. The
manners of the Western child as a

It is up to the schools to do their
part.

There are, I know, teachers in Ed-
monton, whose names deserve to
adorn a roll of honor, and whose pu-
pils adore them. In any walk of life
they would have been equally suc-
cessful. Character counts, as well as
scholarship, in the school-game, as in
every other.

How It Appears To Him.

Vain are the efforts of the satirists
who attempt to parody the "society"
news so much affected by the daily
and other papers. It is so hard to
distinguish between the real thing and
the travesty. For example, the fol-
lowing account of a "Dejeuner de
Luxe at the De Smythe Residence"
is so close to the genuine article that
"society" folk may be excused for
feeling affronted at not being invited
so that resplendent function:

On Wednesday morning last at 7:15
a charming little breakfast was served
at the home of Mr. de Smythe. The
dejeuner was given in honor of Mr.
de Smythe and his two sons, Manger
Adolphus and Master Blinks de
Smythe, who were about to leave for
their daily travail at their wholesale
Bureau de Flour et de Feed. All the
gentlemen were very quietly dressed
in their habits de work. Miss Mel-
inda de Smythe poured out tea, the
domestique having refused to get up so
early after the partie of the night be-
fore. The menu was very handsome,
consisting of eggs and bacon, demi-
froid, and ice cream. The conver-
sation was sustained and lively. Mr.
de Smythe sustained it and made it
lively for his daughter and garcons.
In the course of the talk Mr. de
Smythe stated that the next time he
allowed the young people to turn his
maison topsy-turvy he would see them
in enfer. He wished to know if they
were aware that some ass of the even-
ing before had broken a pane of glass
in the hall that would cost him four
dollars. Did they think he was made
of argent? If so, they had better
make a stronger mistake in their via.
The meal closed with general expres-
sions of good feeling. A little bird
has whispered to us that there will
be no more parties at the DeSmythes
pour longtemps.—Stephen Leacock.

Will you smile with me over a
saucy, satirical man's write-up of a
so-called social event.

I have always maintained that ex-
clusive little affairs, such as is pictured
in this gem, lend themselves better
to picturesque descriptions than the
larger and more formal happenings,
personalities being ever more inter-
esting and instructive than frills and
furbelows, but one's friends are for
so many tates, gowns, balls, etc. per,
and the pot must be kept boiling.
Again that little beast—Policy—
steps in, and the wisdom of telling
the sober truth about things, describ-
ing them as you know they are, and
not as they seem, holds your hand.

Think of the egregious folly of
which I should be guilty if I launched
out on the foibles of my friends and
acquaintances. Undoubtedly you
would find it most amusing as long
as I wander on, and other people's
preserves, then some day you would
fix me with a cold and "haughty glance."

The District Nurse.

I have been asked to say a word or
two regarding the work of the Dis-
trict Nurse in Edmonton.

Feeling little qualified, not being
very familiar with what has been
done, it is yet so palpably evident on
the face of it, the necessity for her
services and the great good she has
accomplished here at the Capital, that
I very cheerfully take my pen in
hand to pass on such little knowledge
as I possess.

I believe that to Mrs. Knell is due
the credit of carrying out the enter-
prise. A long time ago she recognized
the necessity there was for a thor-
oughly trained, graduate nurse's ser-
vices among the poorer classes in
Edmonton, and so interested a num-
ber of local women, that over a year
ago, Miss McCullough, one of the
nurses of the Victorian Order, came
down, and a society was formed,
that undertook to guarantee that
enough money should be raised annu-
ally, to provide her salary of one
thousand dollars a year.

For this sum the District Nurse
holds herself available for any case
of necessity, whether among the well-
to-do, or those less fortunate. No
fees are charged, but those receiving
her services are supposed to make
such a donation as lies in their power.
It is all voluntary, but for all that
even the smallest contributions are
acceptable, and aid in carrying out
of good work. Fees per visit range
from five to fifty cents, a *monnaie*,
which among us would certainly well af-
ford to pay.

The District Nurse does not super-
intend a case, but works, according
to the rules of her order, only under
a doctor's supervision.

In emergency cases she will go for
instance and dress wounds, relieve
another nurse at night, call and see
that cases are being properly cared
for, etc., etc., which the ordinary
nurse will not care to undertake, on-
ing to its interfering with longer,
and more remunerative cases. This,
of course, does not imply that she
will not undertake longer cases as
well.

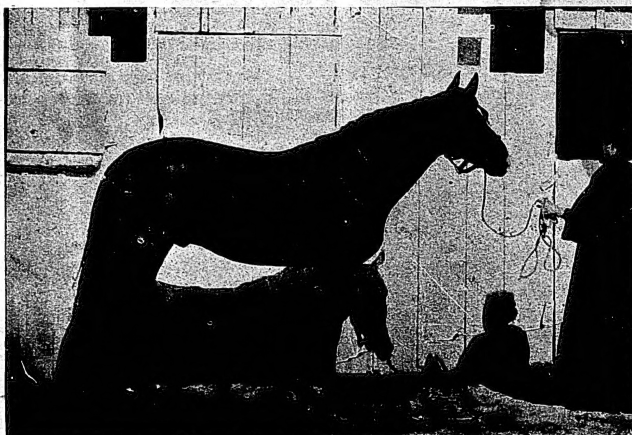
This year the city is donating
\$500 to her salary, the United Aid
and various other societies also mak-
ing contributions. But when it is un-
derstood that very often as well as
her services, the Nurse provides
handbags, dresses, etc., the need of
a hearty response to the Society's call
for aid can readily be grasped.

I am sure, as the citizens of Ed-
monton realize the splendid work
the District Nurse is doing, they will
be more than generous in helping out
the enterprise.

Last year Miss McCullough at-
tended over 1,000 cases, proving how
imperative is the necessity for a Dis-
trict Nurse's services.

The telephone call to reach the

(continued on page three)



A WOMAN WHO GROOMS HER OWN HORSES.

Mrs. Peake, owner of the stallions Russell A. and Judge Nolan, is seen leading the former animal. She takes personal care of both horses, which are stabled at the Woodbine race track.

To whispering twilight in my little
room
And eyes read not, but sitting silently
I feel your great hearts throbbing
deep in quire

And hear you breathing round me in
the gloom.

—Richard Le Gallienne.

There seems every prospect of a
lively flutter between certain local
school teachers and some of the par-
ents of their pupils. "An Intrae Par-
ent" writes to know what stand I
propose taking in the matter.

Frankly, none.

Conversations of this character are,
generally miserable fizzes, that end in
a little newspaper talk, lost tem-
pers, and then—nothing.

As usual, someone appears to be
lying. Doubtless if we got to the
bottom of the thing we would find a
little wrong on both sides.

I always think that school maste-
rs, and school mistresses have a great
chance and a great privilege in their
work.

In their hands are placed hundreds
of plastic little minds. They are heirs
to mold and influence as they will.
Some people maintain that children
are sent to school to acquire "book-
learning." I maintain that that is, or
should be, the least part of their educa-
tion.

I heard a man, a big prosperous
business man, discussing this very
question the other day, and he said
"You know you wouldn't give a
young colt much work to do, you'd
go so it easy, and give him time to
grow and frisk and build up a fine
healthy constitution, but young boys
and girls are worked so early and late
they really don't get half a chance
to develop physically."

I am not in a position to know just
how much home-work is doled out
to the various classes, but suppose
that it increases with each promo-
tion. I do believe, however, that the
rate of promotion is away and beyond
any consistent building up of a first-

Education today is composed very
much of a smattering of everything,
and not much of anything. I rather
favor the "smattering" idea in one
sense. I like a boy or girl with an
all-around general idea of things, but
to go out into life with this as an
only asset, means that he or she is
going to be a general all-around nuis-
ance. It is the age of superficiality,
and this quality extends in no more
telling sense, than as it applies to our
present school-system.

Thinking back over a long line of
teachers, I could name you in an in-
stant the ones who have left any
permanent effect on my education—
character. These rise like mile-posts
on a long monotonous, high-way,
marking epochs in my life, and leav-
ing a very definite impress of not only
the subjects they taught, but of them-
selves and their characters and ideals.
There is the teacher who cheated
for, and pampered, the wealthy pu-
pils in the school. I distinctly re-
member she wrote her name as
Christian, with a big "C." From her
I received my first lesson in snob-
bery, and took my primary views of
Christianity in general. Her knowl-
edge of the subjects she taught was
rid, but she was "a model of tact" so
kept her position.

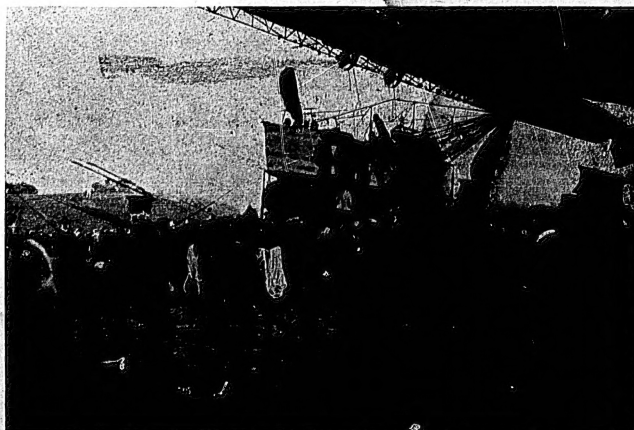
Another, a sweet-faced nun, Heaven
rest her! for she has long since gone
to the bourne she craved for, first
inculcated the great lesson of stick-
ing at a thing. The battle, I well remem-
ber, opened on "Mabel, little Mabel,
with her face against the pane."

I disliked the tedious work of mem-
orizing, but I defy you these twenty
years after to stump me on any
poem Sister I—ever set out to
teach us. Looking back and picturing
her ethereal face and tall, fragile fig-
ure, knowing as I do, that she was
then in the last stages of consump-
tion, I can believe that teaching that
hoisterous class of hers, must have
shortened her life, but I know too,
that her influence and patience have
endured to this day.

Mrs. M—, disciplinarian, teacher

whole, are exceedingly bad. The
boys are a great majority of them
bullies, and many little girls who
should be charming, are only "fresh"
and per.

Recesses seem one mad scramble
of bullies to down littler boys, with
no teacher in charge to oversee af-
fairs. Teachers maintain that their
pupils should be taught their manners,
etc., at home. That they come to
school to acquire wisdom. But this
is only beguiling the question. A
mother gets her child at the day's
end when he or she is tired with
over-much learning, and not in the
mood to be particularly receptive of
lessons in courtesy and nice feeling.



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CANADA

Ask your nearest Grocer for them.



You remember the case of the venerable Hebrew who left a will with instructions that his three sons should each deposit one hundred dollars in his coffin, to be buried with him. At the funeral, the two oldest sons in turn placed crisp one hundred dollar bills in the casket, while their brother came along, put in a cheque for \$300 and took the \$200 out as change.

This story is suggested by certain figures given in the last Dominion bank statement. The Ontario Bank

having been a warm favorite a quarter of a century ago, when she brought down house after house throughout the season with "Oh you girls." It's a wonderful record that both Miss George and Miss Tilley have. Think of introducing prehistoric songs like those mentioned and keeping your youthful spirits down to the time of "I've got rings on my fingers" and "It looks like a big night tonight."

Some, alas! of the stars of other days have long since vanished. Arthur Roberts figured largely in the first annual thirty years ago and for many years after. "Some girls do and some girls don't," and "Are you going to the ball this evening?" suggest the times of our grandfathers. T. W. Barrett was a very popular singer of those days. "Blow me up an apple tree," "Ghost of Benjamin Bins," "We are a merry family" were some of his pieces de resistance.

Nineteen years ago we come across "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," with Miss Lottie Collins' name attached, perhaps the most foolish of all popular songs, but one that speedily went round the world. "The man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo" came a year later, with Charles Coburn singing it. "Two little girls in blue" the year after that.



PUNCH'S IMPRESSIONS OF LLOYD GEORGE

"Lor' lumme! Yer sh'd see me knock 'em in the Mile En' Rahd!"

went smash over four years ago and the work of redeeming its bills has been going on ever since. But it seems that there is still \$112,215.00 worth of these out The Sovereign Bank was only in existence a short time but it has \$43,000.00 of bills out. Most of these bills have evidently been destroyed or disappeared beyond likelihood of recovery. What must be the amounts by which the larger and older banks are gainers through this cause?

"Under the same old flag," What do you think of the Irish now? "A soldier boy's motto," Dear old Iols," "Welcome C.I.V.s." One only needs to read these titles to know the years to which they belong.

"What wasted effort all this means," says the stern moralist. As if all of

way the grass lies, etc. Then is nothing miraculous about such gifts, however. They are simply the result of a little observation. Here is a story which illustrates this point. It was told by a man on his return from a hunting expedition.

"I shared my room in a farmhouse," said he, "with a stranger whom I thought at one time to be superhumanly gifted, but whom I found afterward was only an obnoxious mortal with a good memory. While it was still pitch dark I wanted to find out what time it was. I was preparing to stumble down stairs in search of a light, but my room mate said he could save me the trouble. He took his watch from under his pillow and fooled with it a minute; then he said:

"It is just about 3 o'clock."

"I knew he could neither see nor feel the hands, so I asked how he could tell."

"By counting the turns of the key it takes to wind the clock at this minute," he said. "I wound it at 11 o'clock. I always wind it at 11. It takes just twelve complete turns of the key to wind it then. That makes approximately one turn for every two hours. Just now I turned the key twice, which shows that about four hours have elapsed since 11 o'clock."

A statement recently appeared in the English newspapers that every person in the United Kingdom receives sixty letters a year. This has caused considerable trouble to the post office department. An old lady wrote complaining that during the past twelve months she received only 58, and would like the officials to search for the others at once.

A Winnipeg man stayed out late at the club, and returning found the house on fire, thus being able to save upwards of a dozen lives. His friends, whose privileges in connection with their clubs are restricted by domestic regulations should not fail to make note of this incident.

Personal advertisements always make interesting reading. Here is one from a recent English paper: "Willie, run to your distracted wife and frantic children. Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's colored mouschanna."

Butcher—Twenty-eight cents a pound.

Mrs. Murphy—That's awful high. I guess that's the aviation meat I've been reading so much about.—Judge.

The senior major was giving the benefit of his advice and experience

(Continued on page seven.)



Jean Baptiste: "I don't see where I come in." Mr. Borden: "That's it: you don't."—Montreal Herald.

life could or should be given up to serious concerns. Think rather of the happy, careless moments that all those songs, whether as sung originally or murdered in every part of the Seven Seas, have given rise to. They are closely interwoven with the lives of many a man and woman, and their titles must give rise to all kinds of memories.

We have all heard stories of the resourcefulness of Indians, who tell the direction they are travelling by examination of the bark of trees, the



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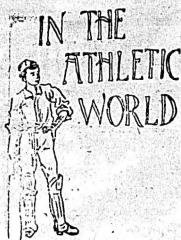
For Dances, etc. 785 Fourteenth Street Phone 2033

Power dwells with cheerfulness, hope puts us in a working mood, while despair is no muse and untunes the active power.—R. W. Emerson.

Editha's Burglar In Real Life

"My heart troubled me all the time," said Mrs. Jacques in an inter-

Dodd's Kidney Pills; to prevent Heart Disease keep the Kidneys toned up and healthy by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.



The man who writes of "Horse and Horsemen" in the Vancouver Saturday Sunset describes the prospects of the next horse show in that city and has these observations of decided interest to Alberta to make:

A western exhibitor who was there

at the last show, and intends to return again in increased force, is Mr. F. C. Lowes, of Calgary. Mr. Lowes' father, Truman Lowes, an expert who ranks among the best in the United States, is at present in New York at his old camping ground, the American Horse exchange. He has an open commission from his son to buy whatever he takes a fancy to, but anyone who knows Truman Lowes does not need to be told that this is no indication that he will disregard quality in making his purchases. On the contrary the elder Lowes has now shown horses in Canada from Montreal to Vancouver and on the American Pacific coast, Seattle, Tacoma, and inland at Portland and Spokane. It may, therefore, be accepted as a fact that he fully realizes what is required to stand a chance of gaining ribbons in the west, and will exercise the utmost painstaking care in his selections. A man who was with "Freddy"

Lowes in Calgary the other day told me he saw a telegram from his father announcing the purchase of a combination horse, a winner of two or three ribbons at Madison Square gardens last month for \$2,000. The telegram said that the horse looked equal to gathering in the money all along the line, which, coming from the source it did, means that there is one on the way here which, to say the least, will bear watching. Mr. Lowes' last year entrants, the mares, Goig Some and So Am I, also the big bay pair mare and gelding that he exhibited in Winnipeg, are turned out on a ranch looking rough, but hardy and rugged. A little later they will be taken up and got into shape to form a part of what, if Mr. Lowes' plans are carried to the extent at present contemplated, will constitute one of the most formidable strings of show animals that will be campaigned throughout the western Canadian-American show ring circuit.

Fellowers of tennis will hear with great regret of the recent death of that great exponent of the game, R. F. Doherty. He was the elder of the famous "F. F. and H. L." pair, who for ten years were the most prominent figures in the lawn tennis world. For a long time they carried all before them, and like the Brothers Kinslay, many years before they did much to revolutionize the game. Mr. Doherty was as brilliant individually as in doubles, and he won the singles championship in four successive years, beginning in 1897. The doubles, with his brother, he secured on eight occasions, the victory of Smith and Ridsley in 1902 breaking the sequence. He has been described as an object lesson in form and style, being graceful and forceful in everything he did. He owed a good deal of his success to his peculiar service, which proved the undoing of many opponents.

As this department is being written, Edmonton is swarming with curlers from far and near and the great bonspiel is just getting under way. The committee has been hard and the arrangements could hardly be better. A fine week of play is assured.

By defeating Strathcona on Monday evening and Varsity on Friday night, the Deacons have strengthened their hold on the district hockey championship very materially. C. G. A. C. and Taber are picked to win the Southern district. Clean, fast hockey is being played throughout the province and the league is getting through its first winter in such a way as to secure its permanence. When the district winners meet, hockey, that will be worth travelling some distance to witness, is promised.

Old followers of the boxing game in Ontario will remember Jack Crawford, a champion of fifteen years ago. He was also a man to be reckoned with as a centre scimmager, playing with London. Like many other sporting celebrities, he later became impressed with the need of saving, and to save souls and travelled the country as an evangelist. For some years back he has been chief of police at Sarnia. Death was due to heart trouble.

COVER POINT

WHAT IT MEANT!

A 'leading citizen' in an American town (says the British Medical Journal) was taken before the magistrates charged with assault and battery. One of the witnesses was a local doctor, who said that the defendant was suffering from 'phalacroisis'. Asked to define the disease, the doctor declared it as 'a sort of chronic disease of an inflammatory nature, which affected certain cranial tissues. He was not posing as an expert, but he had known some persons who were suffering from the disease become raving maniacs, others merely foolish; some showed destructive and pugilistic tendencies, while many others have suffered for years and had never shown any mental abnormalities. He refused to say anything further, and the jury promptly acquitted the 'leading citizen', because, as the foreman explained, "Doc said there was something the matter with his head." When the case was over the prosecutor sought enlightenment as to the mysterious disease, and found that 'phalacroisis' means—ball-nose!

THE CIVIC IMPROVEMENT IDEA

MR. C. LIONEL GIBBS JOINS IN THE DISCUSSION.

The Editor of the Saturday News:

Dear Sir,

I was very deeply interested by the admirable paper on Civic Improvement read by Mrs. Watt before the Edmonton Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire published in the News of last week. It is, I feel, Mr. Editor, a matter of public congratulation that the Daughters of the Empire are so seriously taking up this and kindred subjects. It is a noteworthy fact that the Ladies of Edmonton have a peculiar genius for accomplishing what they set out to perform and Mrs. Watt's instructive and thoughtful address must come as a great encouragement to those interested in Civic progress. It is sad, but none the less true, that to many the "city beautiful" is looked upon as the matter-of-fact detail and brass tacks of city administration; a Sunday religion, and not a week-day problem. The great railway builder James J. Hill in a recent interview signified "the city beautiful idea" as one of the extravaganzas that threatens to plunge us into a financial panic. This narrow view of a great upward movement is not peculiar to Mr. Hill, as our own experience in this city, spoken of by Mrs. Watt, goes to prove.

The success that has so far attended the civic planning movement arises from the fact that the idea is economically sound, materially and socially. Scientific anticipation of the future is the keynote of commercial success just as the highest art is found in that object ideally perfect for its essential purpose, dependent for admiration on no ornament, no decoration or splendor of color. As Raymond Unwin in his book "Town Planning in Practice" says: "so long as art is regarded as a trimming—a species of crochet-work to be stitched in after increasing quantities to the garments of life—it is vain to expect its true importance to be recognized. Civic art is too often understood to consist in filling our streets with marble fountains, dotting our squares with groups of statuary, twining our lamp-posts with wriggling acanthus leaves or dolphins' tails and our buildings with meaningless bunches of fruits and flowers tied up with impossible stone ribbon."

The demands of beauty are in a large measure identical with those of efficiency and economy and differ mainly in acquiring a closer approach to practical perfection in the adoption of means to ends than is required to meet the merely economic standard.

Many people again seem to think that a civic plan necessarily stands for a violent upheaval of existing conditions in the present and a cast iron rigidity for all time to come. The matter is admirably put by Frederick Law Olmstead in a paper on city planning, delivered at Rochester, May 2nd, 1910. "And in this connection, let me point out that the real effective work of city planning—not only in respect to streets but in all respects—must be done, not in spasms or once for all by special temporary commissions which make a report with great eclat and then go out of existence, but by the steady, patient, continuous work of the regular administrative officers of each city, meeting every new question as it comes up and settling it in the light of a far-sighted general plan, not one that is constantly adjusted and brought up to date, as new lights are thrown upon the future needs and conditions of the city so that it shall at all times represent the mature judgment of the period as to the best of all things considered, for the city to keep before it. Outside experts and special commissions may be valuable to arouse or educate public opinion, or to stimulate and inform local officials, or to confirm or correct the judgment of the latter, but the real work of getting the results, towards which any paper plan is but a step, depends mainly upon the right sort of unremitting, never-ending work by the proper administrative officials."

I sincerely hope that the "Daughters of the Empire" will succeed in arousing public interest in this matter of Civic Improvement, and that their efforts may result in the formation of a civic commission pledged to a practical study of this matter on the lines of so many civic commissions working at this moment in a multitude of cities, both larger and smaller than our own, but all of them conscious of their responsibilities and proud in the accomplishment of their civic destiny.

I am,

Yours truly,

C. LIONEL GIBBS

A POLLING DAY INCIDENT.

She held me with both hands by the lapel of my coat. Underneath her hat, which covered us both, her sweet face was outlined by her luxuriant tress. Her eyes shone divinely. As they flashed their luminous light upon me, my determination to break away from her quietly died. Instead, I stood stock still.

"I know you will," she said in tones of agonized entreaty. "Say you will."

"But really—"

"Now don't argue with me. It is a quarter to eight now. Only 15 minutes left."

The situation was too much for me. I reeled, overcome by the delicate perfume which seemed to float around her. I clutched wildly at her waist with my right arm for support. She did not resist.

"But let me explain that—"

"No! No! There is not time. Come now! Say you will," she implored.

She gave me a slight pull. I should assuredly have fallen on the ground had I not, with the utmost presence of mind, seized one of her tiny gloved hands with mine.

"Really, now, listen! I want to tell you—"

"But I got no further. "I shall have no explanation," she answered, half commanding, half pleading. "Although we are strangers, I can see from your face that you are a just man, and that you want us women to have justice. Is it not so?"

"Of course! Certainly!" I replied fervently, "but—"

"Well, then, don't delay. The Liberal candidate is one of our strongest supporters. There is only ten minutes now."

"I would if I—"

"Tell me! Tell me at once! I would do anything, almost, to convince you," she said, with just a touch of coyness.

She came even closer. I was borne away as by a Peri to Paradise. I became unconscious of the yelling crowd round the polling booth.

"I will give you two kisses for it," she whispered. I felt her warm lips on one cheek and then on the other.

"Come along now," she sobbed, "there is just five minutes before the poll closes. You will just have time if you hurry."

"I would give your candidate a million votes if I had them, but the fool Revision Count disallowed my claim. I haven't got a vote. I think I should return what you have given me."

—Livingston Clewes, in London Opinion.

WASPS-BULLETS.

A great general was taking his regiment into action. He sent forward a detail of men to make gaps in a rail fence to avoid the heavy loss sure to result if the whole body of men paused to tear it down. The coolest and finest man in the detail was a young soldier who had never been under fire before. When he began pulling down the fence he fancied he had disurbed a nest of hornets, as he thought he heard them singing fiercely about his ears. But the lad was not going to run from business when there were more serious business ahead. Ignoring the angry insects he opened the fence and rejoined the regiment without being stung. In a day or two he heard that he was to be promoted. "But," he said, modestly, "I don't think I deserve promotion over the others." "My boy," replied the general, "I saw you pull down that fence. You were the coolest man under fire I ever saw." The man gasped, stared, and turned pale. "What!" he exclaimed, regardless of grammar. "Wasn't them wasps bullets?"—Glasgow News.

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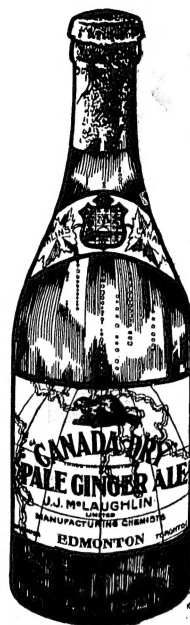
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The Saturday News

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Edmonton

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I saw the letter written by our Senator, Hon. John Costigan, in favor of "Fruit-a-tives" so I tried it. The effect was marvellous, and now I am entirely well from the Chronic Constipation from which I suffered for many years. My general health is once more excellent, thanks to "Fruit-a-tives."

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"Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine in the world that will, can and does cure Constipation—because "Fruit-a-tives" is the only medicine that acts directly on the liver. "Fruit-a-tives" is made of fruit juices and tonics and will always cure Constipation, Biliousness, Torpid Liver and all diseases of digestion. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealer or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Geo. H. Suckling Direction

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Read the 'News'

Music and Drama

The editor of Canadian Collier's usually expresses the ideas of the average layman on most topics to a nicety. In a recent issue he has this to say:

"We submit that Archbishop Bogn was not seized of the facts when he put the ban on eight days of grand opera in Quebec. Grand opera is sung mostly in Italian—even the French operas use Italian libretti as the norm. Now while it is polite in many parts of Canada to give signs of intelligence when French, the language spoken by two millions of our people, is being said or sung, Italian is a dead letter to the masses, and there is no danger in it even for an Archbishop. Moreover, grand opera has little use for words—except as a means of melodious vocalization. Englished they are often mere bathos as, for example, in "Madam Butterfly," when Lieutenant Pinkerton intones in making phrase: "Whisky and soda," and Sharpless responds just as melliflously: "Say when." The grand-opera librettist falls into rote-montage, first because he is on the strain to look as big as the composer, and secondly because the people pay no attention to the words anyhow. The music's the thing. So much so that, although Verdi's "Trovatore" has been on the boards fifty

was defeated by the Strathcona choir. However, the honors of the ladies' trio came to this city by Mrs. Horner, Misses M. Dudgeon and Slade. At the last competition the Wecaskiwin choir under the direction of Mr. C. Hughes, retrieved them also of the previous year by defeating the Strathcona choir, Mrs. H. C. R. Walker and Mr. J. Gardner were also winners of the gold medals in the contralto and baritone solo competition. The shield which is presented to the choirs must be won three years in succession before it becomes exclusive property, and the first aim of the choir will be to retain the shield at the 1911 festival. A meeting, for the purpose of reorganizing will be held at the residence of Mr. H. J. Montgomery, on Wednesday evening, January 11th. All former members of the choir as well as members of other choirs, who have come to the city during the past season, are urgently requested to be present."

MISS PARLOW'S CAREER.

Although Miss Kathleen Parlow insists with pride that she is Canadian, and has become known all over Europe as such, she really did not spend many years in the Dominion. She was born in Cal-

Londoh, and as a child she met with great success, playing at many houses and also appearing before Queen Alexandra.

"Then," said Miss Parlow, "Henry Holmes died, and that seemed the end of all things to me, because he was quite my idol, and I intended to go back to study under him. But I suppose it was Providence, because if I had gone back to California I might have been there yet, a sort of 'local talent' player. Then I heard Mischa Elman play, and admired him so much I wanted to go to his master, Auer. But he was at St. Petersburg, and it seemed a terrible undertaking to go there. But by luck Auer came to London, and I played for him, when he urged me to go and study with him."

"But we had not the necessary money for such an expense, so I went to Lord Strathcona, and asked him if he could lend us enough money for neither and myself to go to St. Petersburg for a year. He was a dear old man, and treated me very kindly. When he found what I wanted, he just gave me a cheque for the amount I needed without a scrap of writing or any formal acknowledgment. He was just too sweet for words," added Miss Parlow with girlish emphasis.

Of course, Miss Parlow said she regarded the help as a loan, and when she met with success later on it was duly looked after. But his help practically made her career. She studied for a year under Auer at St. Petersburg, the master helping her in every way, so that she got enough engage-



Holiday scene in Winnipeg, looking north on Main Street, corner Portage Avenue.

years, we defy its most ardent lover at this moment to give us offhand a coherent story of its plot. Master Wagner hit on the idea, which all great masters have followed since, of weaving the words and music into the action. He first extorted the soprano standing aside from her sorrow, the tenor from his passion, the baritone and bass from their villainy, to sing difficult arias about nothing in particular. But that was an advance in the logic of the music-drama to which the public did not rise, for it still lacks unreasonable delight or Lucia going mad in ripples that outdo the flute. It is Caruso's voice that people go to hear. For all they care he might la-la his way through the opera. Archbishop Bogn would be doing more for art and morals if he would put his ban on smart-Aleck musical comedy, which is neither music nor comedy, but nasty burlesque."

Wecaskiwin has shown a fine example to the other towns and cities of Alberta in the consistent interest which he has displayed in the provincial musical festival. The Wecaskiwin Times last week had the following:

"Alberta's first musical festival was held in Edmonton in 1908. In that year Wecaskiwin double mixed quartet, under the direction of Miss L. H. Knight, were the successful aspirants, and returned with the shield Mr. J. Gardner also won the gold medal in the baritone solo competition. In the following year the choir

gery, but when five years old went to San Francisco; and when six years old there her musical genius first showed itself.

"I saw a little old fiddle in a shop there," said Miss Parlow in a recent interview in the Montreal Gazette, "and thought that was just what I should like. It was really a darling little thing. I finally got my mother to buy it for me, and my cousin taught me my notes. I took a great fancy to it, and worked along for about six weeks, when they found I had a 'positive pitch,' and I started to work at it in earnest. It seemed to come easy, and that same year, when only six, I made my first public appearance, playing some of the Trovatore music at a church concert, and when I was seven I gave a recital of my own."

For a year or two Miss Parlow had poor health, and was only able to work on the violin in a desultory way, but under the California sun she gained strength, then started in earnest. "I just took it up without any wild ideas for the future," she said. "It seemed the natural thing to do, because I preferred it above all things."

Later Henry Holmes, the famous English violin teacher, settled in San Francisco, and Miss Parlow studied under him until she was fourteen, when he thought she ought to go to London, and appear as an "infant phenomenon."

With the financial aid of Mrs. Carolan, daughter of the famous Pullman, Miss Parlow and her mother went to

ments to bear the heavy expense of life at the Russian capital.

"Everybody was very kind to me there and in Germany," said Miss Parlow, "and after a year or two of hard work I made my real debut in the big musical world at Ostend. And that was no small affair, because they did not like a woman player, and it came to such a point that the conductor threatened to resign if the orchestra would not play for me. I was lucky enough to make a big success, and have been treated most kindly ever since, the newspaper critics in Germany especially doing a great deal to help me along."

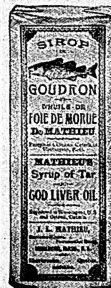
Mr. Geo. H. Suckling, of Harmony Hall, Rice street, begs to announce the important engagement of Miss Parlow for one concert in the last week of February. A subscribers' list for securing seats is now open at his piano warehouses, 237-239 Rice street.

There is but one good fortune to the earnest man. This is opportunity; and sooner or later opportunity will come to him who can make use of it.—D. Starr Jordan.

He is good that does good to others. If he suffers for the good he does, he is better still; and if he suffers from them to whom he did good he is arrived to that height of goodness, that nothing but an increase of his sufferings can add to it; if it proves his death, his virtue is at its summit; it is heroism complete.—Bruyere.

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WHAT IS RIGHT WITH THE WORLD?

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has a very readable article, ca "What is Right with the World" in the Christmas number of T. P.'s Weekly:

"Europe at present exhibits a contraction upon politics, which is partly the unfortunate result of our loss of religion, partly the just and terrible result of our social inequality and iniquity. These causes, however, will not remain in operation forever. Religion is returning from her exile; it is more likely that the future will be crazy and corruptly superstitious than that it will be merely rationalist. Already we behold the most anxious

silently and occultly develop some of this madness of the millionaire whom he denounces.

"He may find that he has learned how to build playgrounds, but forgotten how to play. He may agitate for peace and quiet, but only propagate his own mental agitation. In his long fight to get a slave a half-holiday he may angrily deny those ancient and natural things, the zest of being, the divinity of man, the sacredness of simple things, the health and humor of the earth, which alone make a half-holiday even half a holiday or a slave even half a man."

I heard her order "pommes de terre."
And then aside,
She said, her French deserting her,
"Oh, German fried!"—Detroit Free Press.

"No, I don't think women will ever succeed as railroad engineers."
"Why not?"
"They would lose too much time holding up their trains at crossings."
—Boston Transcript.

"No wonder the agricultural writers bewail the impoverishment of the soil," remarked the scholarly, high-browed man. "There is an item in this paper to the effect that a farmer named Swigert shamelessly confesses having wrung a fortune of \$75,000 out of the soil of northern Illinois in fifteen years!"—Chicago Tribune.

SCENERY WHILE YOU WAIT.

By Roy K. Moulton.

Why travel o'er the briny deep to get a change of scene?
It's shifting here at home without a breathing space between.
A scene viewed in the morning, ere the night has passed away,
And here is something new we found upon our barn today:

"If you'd be rid of all your ills,
Just take a dose of Purdy's Pills."

We'd scarcely had a minute to enjoy the sight so new
When came another painter to obliterate the view.
He covered up the pill ad with an almost fiendish glee,
And this is what he spread aloft for all the world to see:

"When you wake up and can no snooze,
Try half a pint of Moonlight Boogie."

He saw no one was looking, so he painted on the cow:
"The Moonlight is the best of all.
Why don't you try it now?"
He'd scarcely finished up his work of art and started hence
When came another artist and inscribed upon our fence:

"If squeaky wagons mar your peace,
Try Bunkum's Patent Axle Grease."

He had no more than left us when we found upon the shed
The work of still another one, and this is what it said:
"If you eat Grapo-Cracko, you'll be happy evermore."
And later this is what we found upon our hen-coop door:

"There's not a bunion in this town
That can't be cured by Dr. Brown."

We have gone to our reward,
So take a place on high,
We will not be surprised to see some painter on the sly,
Inscribing on the gate and on the walls with perfect ease.
A few last bits of good advice to guide us, such as these:

"Before you tread the streets of gold
See Binks and have your shoes half-soled."

"When you would brighten up your crown,
Use Scouring Polish. Best in town."

"If you are awkward, why not try
Professor Jones and learn to fly?"

"Be sure and buy a city guide,
You'll need it when you get inside."

DISHEARTENED!

"Mamma," said little Ethel, returning from school with a most discouraging appearance. "I'm never, never going to study any more!" "Why, dearie, what's the matter?" inquired the surprised mother. "Why don't you want to study?" "Cause it's no use," was the impulsive answer, "it's no use at all. I can't never learn spelling. Teacher keeps changing the words all the time!"

possibilities for a joke on his friend Nolan, replied:

"Well, that certainly was a pretty rank case of yours and we weren't very favorably impressed with either you or the amount of money you sent. We are not in the law business for the good of our health, so you had better come through with some more money if you want such a case as that attended to."

The man replied that he had sent all the money that was asked for and appeared quite thunderstruck at his supposed solicitor's tone of speech. Mr. Nolan was shortly afterwards surprised to get a letter from a client apologizing for not having sent along more money, and enclosing a remittance, with an urgent plea that the case be taken up forthwith. Some time later, Mr. Daly informed Mr. Nolan of the joke.

About a year after this incident Mr. Nolan was at Lethbridge, when a man came up to him and addressing him as Mr. Daly, said: "When will I get my patent from the Department of the Interior for my homestead, the duties on which have been completed for a long time?"

Mr. Nolan saw his chance to even the score. He replied: "Do you think we are running the Interior Department for the good of our health? If you want homestead patents you will have to dip down and grease our paw. Get busy and send us something worth while and then we can consider your patent, but till then there will be nothing moving."

Not long after Mr. Nolan received a telegram from T. Mayne Daly. It read: "You had better cut it out; the department is getting a bad name."

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend; but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.—Puncheon.



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THE CZAR AND KAISER ON THEIR WAY TO THE HUNT.

They are seen driving to the Orienburg preserves at Potdam, where 492 stags were killed in an hour. This is almost a slaughter-house record, and reads like an exploit of the Swifts or Armours.

ing coincidence of science and Christianity combining against Christian Science. Already some of the foremost students of physical nature are practically spiritualists; and the only difference now between the biologist and the most orthodox Roman priest is that the priest sees 'devils' where the biologist sees ghosts.

Two Special Unrests.

"On the other hand, our attempts to right the extreme ill-balance of wealth must soon have some issue; something will be done to lessen the perpetual torture of incompetent compassion; some scheme will be substituted for our malcontented anarchy, if be only one of benevolent servitude. And as these two special unrests about the universe and the state settle down into more silent and enduring systems, there will emerge more and more primary and archaic truths which the dust of these two conflicts has veiled. The secondary questions relatively solved, we shall find ourselves all the more in the presence of the primary questions of Man.

Intolerable Accidents.

"For at present we all tend to one mistake; we tend to make politics too important. We tend to forget how huge a part of man's life is the same under a Sultan and a Senate, under Nero or St. Louis. Daybreak is a never-ending glory; getting out of bed is a never-ending nuisance; food and friends will be welcomed; work and strangers must be accepted and endured; birds will go bedwards and children won't, to the end of the last evening. And the worst peril is that in our just modern revolt against intolerable accidents we may have unsettled those things that alone make daily life tolerable.

Incurably Restless.

"It will be an ironic tragedy if, when we have toiled to find rest, we find we are incurably restless. It will be said if, when we have worked for our holiday we find we have unlearned everything but work. The typical modern man is the insane millionaire, who has degraded to get money, and when finds he can not enjoy even money, but only drudgery. There is danger that the social reformer may

Hon. T. M. Daly—Mr. P. J. Nolan

The personal resemblances between P. J. Nolan, the well known Calgary lawyer, who was here this week at the assizes, and the Hon. T. Mayne Daly, police magistrate of Winnipeg, and the cases of mistaken identity which have arisen therefrom have arisen therefrom? (If emphy would be the cause of many amusing incidents in the careers of both men, says the Prince Albert Herald. Both are Irish and imbued with the sense of humor for which that nationality is noted. At the time when the Hon. Mr. Daly was Minister of the Interior in the Conservative Cabinet, he was travelling on the Regina-Prince Albert branch, when a man came up to him in the coach and said: 'How is it, Mr. Nolan, that you have not done anything with that case which I wrote asking you to take up for me?' The Minister of the Interior grasped the situation in a flash and noting its



Candidate: "May I hope, Mrs. Saunders, that your husband will support me?"
Mrs. Saunders: "Support you! Why, he ain't supported me the last six months!"—Punch.

A Great Gas Belt That Failed

The great gas belt of Indiana is now no more. A short time ago one of the light companies that furnished cities with natural gas discontinued the supply to Montpelier. It was the last one of 115 towns and cities that a decade ago were supplied by this company, the Indiana Lighting Company.

Up to this winter the company has had enough of the gas to supply that city, but this year the shortage has been very pronounced. Organized 20 years ago to exploit natural gas in the Indiana and Ohio fields, the Indiana Lighting Company built up a marvelous business and pumped thousands of wells. Today this same company is now entirely out of the natural gas business and is selling its last wells to the farmers. Montpelier is not the last city in the state to use natural gas, but there are few left which are still operated by other companies, although it may be said that this once immensely prosperous business is now little more than represented by a few wells in the hands of farmers who are getting enough fuel

from them to furnish their own homes.

While the gas lasted it was used with the lavishness of a drunken sailor getting rich off his money. The supply was used as though it was inexhaustible. When it was too late some Government regulation looking toward conservation was applied.

The finding of natural gas in Indiana changed the political and industrial history of the state. The cheap fuel attracted industries in which the fuel cost was a large item. Small towns in the belt doubled and tripled in size. The factories brought to Indiana were highly protected, the employees strong protectionists, and the political complexion of the state was changed.

As the gas began to wane the factories that had been attracted solely by the cheap fuel moved away. But a large part of the cities in the gas belt were substantial and remained. The boom flattened out, but the impetus to manufacturing was not lost, and Indiana ranks, in proportion to population, among the leading manufacturing states outside of New England.

AN ANCIENT PROBLEM.

If you had been alive and kicking on the morning of January 1, 1811, and wanted to take a bath, you would have carried water in pails to a wooden or marble tub. The whole household would have been cold. Fireplaces would have been, at best, only smoldering, and your back would have frozen while you warmed your toes. Morning baths weren't popular under those conditions.

If you had wished a good fire, you would have used flint, steel and tinder, ~~for unless you could have conserved~~ weren't known in Britain till 1810, and were then considered 'curiosities.'

If you had arisen early you would have been compelled to do with a "dip," or candle, because lamps were unknown until 1814, when Edward Clark, of Philadelphia, took out a patent for one.

Yet you might have found one thing then, as today, a condition that time seems powerless to change—the servant question. Chances are you would have been compelled to get your own breakfast. Harking back to the literature of those days, we are informed by Samuel Breck's "Recollections" that:

This is a crying evil which most families feel very sensibly at present. The vast quantity of uncultivated lands, the general prosperity, and the unexampled increase in our city unite to scatter the mental citizens, and to make it extremely difficult to be suited with decent servants. I have, in the course of ten or twelve years' housekeeping, had a strange variety, during which I have heard of one being hung, of one that hung himself, of one which died drunk in the road, and of another that swallowed poison in a fit of intoxication. Those

that form my present household have lived with me from one to three years, and are pretty tolerable.

Later Mr. Breck complains of the extravagance of one of his tenants, who, on the liberal wage of \$1.50 a week, persisted in buying finery instead of necessities, and mentions that the same tendency had been manifest in nine-tenths of household employees in the last thirty years.

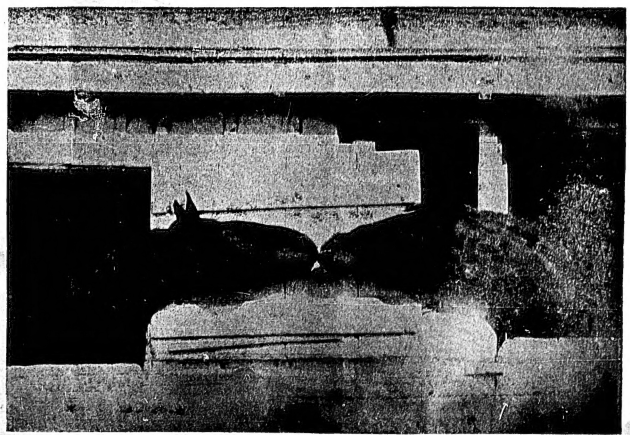
THE LOUNGER.

(Continued from page three.)

"This is your first dress examined, and—well, go easy with the decanter, my boy. Remember esprit de corps and—(and all that sort of thing. Here's a good tip. See those silver candlesticks there? When you can see four instead of two—why, clear out—go home, See!"
"Perfectly, and thanks awfully," replied the young officer. "But don't, you think you had better go home at once?" "There is only one candlestick!"—"Te-Bis."

"I tell you I must have some money!" roared the King of Marikana, who was in sore financial straits. "Some one will have to cough up."
"Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly the court jester, "all our coffers are empty."

The late Sir Charles Hammond, who won a seat at Newcastle in 1892, scored neatly off a heckler who ventured to interrupt his discourse. "Get yer 'air cut, Charlie," cried the heckler to be a magistrate, adjusted his glasses, and calmly scrutinizing the interrupter, remarked, "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of having your hair cut before today."



A CHASTE EQUINE SALUTE.

The stallions Russell A. and Judge Nolan nozzling each other. A snapshot at the Woodbine stables.

THE INVESTOR

Another Mackenzie has entered the western railway field. The business of the Cowan Construction Co. of Winnipeg has been taken over by a new organization, of which one of the members is Joseph Mackenzie, son of the C.N.R. president. It is to be known hereafter as the Union Construction Co. and will, it is understood, undertake an important contract on the main line between the Pembina and the Yellowstone.

The report was brought into Edmonton this week that anthracite had been discovered on the Brazeau river. It has been the confident belief of those who have studied the geological formation of the country between Edmonton and the Rockies that anthracite would be found there. It is now becoming generally recognized that the construction of the G.T.P. and C.N.R. lines west will open up one of the richest coal fields in America.

The Pacific Pass Coal Co. whose property is tapped by the G.T.P. has joined a merger with the Lethbridge Collieries and the Western Collieries, according to a statement from Montreal.

A year ago last November some thirty odd feet of property on Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, between Second and Third Streets, was purchased for \$819 a foot front. This week the owners received an offer of \$1,300 a foot for it.

The Alberta Linseed Oil Company, capitalized at \$500,000, will erect a refining plant of large dimensions at Medicine Hat.

W. Roper Hull, the Calgary capi-

talist has purchased 125 feet frontage on Toronto Street, Medicine Hat, on which he will erect a four storey block in the spring. The price paid was \$57,000.

The Methodist church board in Medicine Hat is considering an offer of \$32,000 for the property on Toronto Street and Fourth Avenue on which Century church stands.

Exhibition associations don't usually make money. Those who take stock in them do so in order to help the city along, not to secure dividends. On Saturday last, however, the Strathecona association turned its grounds over to the city, it being decided by the ratepayers in December that the property should be purchased as a park. The price paid was \$35,000. This will give the shareholders a profit of six hundred per cent. on their purchase of stock; the sum of \$5,000 having been subscribed seven years ago.

The officials of the Edmonton Board of Trade are delighted with the number of enquiries regarding prospects in the Edmonton district being received from all parts of the world. No less than 69 such letters arrived by one mail this week. There is every indication that the spring will see a very large influx. The first train load of the season's immigrants arrived in Winnipeg last week. They were all people with friends and relatives already in the country, with whom they were to stay preparatory to the opening up of spring.

The intense cold of last week and the very small improvement during the early part of the current week has resulted not only in a general quiet-

ness in all lines of business but also in the investment field.

The recent decision of the Board of Railway Commissioners relative to freight rates from Winnipeg and Port Arthur to western distributing points has thus far resulted in an awakening of interest in sites for wholesale houses with trackage facilities in the rear. If the present indications are to be relied upon the near future will see a healthy movement on both Third and Fourth Streets and the erection of some big warehouse buildings. The only circumstance that will hamper the development of this wholesale territory is the price at which lots are being held and heads of big eastern houses visiting Edmonton in common with many of the best informed citizens of Edmonton are at one in the opinion that the prices asked, today, for trackage lots, cannot be justified. This is much to be regretted and it is hoped that this policy will not spread, otherwise much harm will be done to the development of the city.

The recent sale of a parcel of 20 lots in Inglewood for the record sum of \$10,000 is of particular interest as indicating the brightness of the future of this portion of the city. It is not many months ago when \$200 was an outside price for Groat Estate lots north of the track and when Inglewood can command such a figure it is eloquent testimony to the rapidity with which this portion of the city is developing.

The definite announcement that the new market on First Street will be opened on the First of February has created still more interest in this thoroughfare—more particularly that portion of it northwards from the Market. It is said that Messrs. F. C. Lowes and Co. alone have turned over half a dozen lots during the past ten days at an average of \$1,000.00 each, and several other firms have been doing good business in this part of the city.

It is perhaps early as yet for new suburban properties to be introduced to the public but it is that as it

may it is understood that two propositions are to be brought out during the current month, one—Alberta Park—which will be sold in acreage by Messrs. York and McNamara, and the other—Evanston—which is to have the honor of being the first sub-division placed on the local market by the firm of F. C. Lowes and Company. Both these properties will be popular and the latter should be especially so in view of its proximity to the city. The fact that it lies so high as to overlook the whole of the Hudson Bay Reserve and the entire city to the south will not be lost sight of and will add strongly to its advantages both as an investment and as an ideal location for a home.

JASPER'S NOTE BOOK.

(Continued from page one.)

aside from the proceeds of the sale of their property the sum of \$15,000 as a gift to Rev. Dr. Macquenn and in also deciding to present him with the title to the manse property on Fourth Street was a splendid tribute to a man in all respects worthy of it. He has a quarter of a century of splendid service to his account. Coming to Edmonton when it was a little outpost of civilization, he labored on during the long period of apparently hopeless waiting for it to realize its early promise. What he was able to do in keeping the fires of his religion aglow and in brightening and easing the lot of the early settlers none but those who lived through those trying years will ever be able to appreciate. Now when Edmonton has come into its own and his little flock has expanded into a rich city congregation, it was only right that its good fortune should be participated in by the man, who has so unselfishly discharged the high mission which brought him to the west.

No one will deny this but unfortunately we do not always see the right thing done and his people's action does not show the proper measure of credit.

The opening of the commodious new McDougall church last Sunday was an event that aroused not a little interest, both among the members of the congregation and the citizens generally. It was a striking bit of "bright" on the part of the veteran Methodist missionary of the west, Rev. George McDougall, to locate the little mission where he did, and the present strong church body is reaping the full benefit. A more commanding situation could not be found, and there is no doubt that with the larger facilities now afforded the congregation will be more of a factor than ever in the life of the community. This is saying a good deal, as all will agree after reading its history. At this turning-point it is very fortunate in having as its minister a man like Rev. Mr. J. E. Hughson, who has all the many qualifications that are needed for a pastorate which must include such widely divergent activities. Rev. Dr. Chown, who officiated last Sunday has just arrived in the west as general superintendent for this part of the Dominion and is bound to become an outstanding public figure. He is a man of intense convictions and rare courage and will make his influence felt in a wide variety of fields.

A. the beginning of last week the season's first train-load of immigrants from the Old Country reached Winnipeg. They were all, so the Winnipeg Free Press tells us, going to stay with friends and relatives till the spring. We can only hope that the aforesaid friends and relatives had plenty of bed-clothes to go round. With the thermometer as low, hospitality has its difficulties.

CITY OF EDMONTON

Assessment, 1911

Public notice is hereby given that the Assessment of the City of Edmonton for the current year is now being compiled and Ratepayers and Agents are respectfully requested to forward to this office a list of their properties, and particularly a list of the changes since last Assessment, and the school they wish to support, in order to make an Assessment Roll as complete and perfect as possible which will be the basis from which the 1911 Voters' List will be compiled.

D. M. McJILLAN,
City Assessor.
Edmonton, January 18th, 1911.

BURIED ALIVE.

Senator Beveridge and Fred Landis, former Representative and now an Indiana politician, campaigned together in Indiana last fall.

Landis had a particularly effective peroration relating to the wrongs perpetrated by the railroads on the people. It had a lot about the right eminent domain and told how these grasping politicians could come along and run their roads through farms, houses, graveyards—or anywhere.

They were speaking in Michigan City and Landis got down to his peroration. He pulled out all the tremolo stops and had his audience worked up to a high pitch of enthusiasm. "And fellow citizens," he shouted, "they can run their roads through those sacred cemeteries, those last resting places of the sainted dead, where you, fellow citizens, and your ancestors have been buried for fifty years!"

An intelligent Hindu has been heard to define billiards as a game in which two men, armed with long sticks, poke at a ball, while one player says "Oh!" and the other "Hard lines." Golf seems to have similarly impressed the native South African mind. A Kafir warrior was observed attentively watching the efforts of certain unskillful players to extract their ball from one of these deep bunkers which greatly abound on African courses. The following day, the same Kafir was seen to be belaboring a

great boulder with a huge pole, and shouting "Hang it!" the while. "This white man's game," said the dusky child of nature. "Welly good game, white man's game." The story has the merit of being true. All golf stories are.

KNEW HIS PLACE.

When the Crown Prince of Sweden married Princess Margaret he arrived at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, just when the perplexed officials were at their wits' ends to provide seats and observe due order of precedence.

As the prince was standing in the doorway with his attending grooms-men, one of the officials bustled up.

"Now, sir," said he, glancing at the prince, "who might you and your party be, and where am I to send you?"

"Where you put me doesn't much matter," the prince replied, meekly. "I am only the bridegroom."

If a man has a right to be proud of anything—it is of a good action done as it ought to be, without any base interest lurking at the bottom of it.—Sterne.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent.—Phillips Brooks.

Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world.—Porter.

Let your dollars work for you - make them earn more dollars - put them into a lot on the Groat Estate - there they will earn a rate of interest which no business concern will ever pay you - they will be perfectly safe - Groat Estate lots are rising in value every day - the demand for them is increasing every day.

When the Street Car runs through the Groat Estate the rest of the city will be "just round the corner" - the electric light is being extended through the Groat Estate - the water mains are being extended through the Groat Estate - the telephone service is being extended through the Groat Estate.

A lot on the Groat Estate is a good buy - it is a safe investment - it is an investment that always pleases - it is an investment that will please YOU.

F. C. LOWES

Real Estate Insurance & Co. Financial Brokers
28 Jasper Avenue East EDMONTON
(Resident Agents: National Union Fire Insurance Company of Pittsburgh)

Alberta Park

This choice suburban property, surveyed into blocks of about five acres, suitable for re-subdivision into lots, and at prices and terms which will permit of its being held until values are largely enhanced will be put upon the market

on

Monday Morning
23rd inst. at 10 O'clock

Plans now on view and reservations may be made upon payment of a small deposit

York & McNamara

44 Jasper Avenue West

WANTED

You to know that the
Travis-Barker Exchange Mart
(McDougall Ave., south of Jasper)

Is a complete Farm and House Furnishing Establishment. Almost everything in home wants may be had. Granite ware in every variety of shape and tint. A wonderful No. 9 Cooking Stove with extra strong cast iron parts and exception oven \$13.75
A No. 7 sells at \$10.75
Here is a Marvel Heater No. 11 \$6.99
A No. 13 \$6.75
A No. 15 \$6.75
Full size Iron Bed with brass knobs only \$8.95
A beautiful Art Design Health Mattress \$12.95
An Upright American Organ, just as good as new, cost \$175.00, will sell for \$69.00
A strong full size spring of excellent workmanship, braced in every part for strength \$15.00
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Wash Stand for \$14.95
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Building Paper, Tar Paper.
Toilet Sets.
Horse Rugs, from \$1.00
Trunks and Valises in large variety and all sizes.

The Exchange buys everything and sells at prices that alone are responsible for the great turnover. Why there are thousands of things at the Exchange that cannot be catalogued. Call and see, and if you have anything to sell call up 1332.